

Christian Brothers' Crest and Motto.



Facere et Docere.

“He, therefore, who shall break one of these least commandments, and shall so teach men, shall be called the least in the Kingdom of Heaven. But he that shall **do and teach** he shall be called great in the Kingdom of Heaven.”—*Matt. v, 19.*

“The former treatise, I made, O Theophilus, of those things which Jesus began **to do and to teach.**”
—*Acts i; 1.*

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Editorial.

IN a recent address to the boys of a neighbouring school, Mr. Justice Greer said:—"Learning was of little value, and prizes were of little value unless they had laid the foundations for a strong and vigorous manhood which would enable them to put in extra labour, in times of stress in their later life. There was nothing like success in games for knitting together the boys of a school, and for creating a strong *Esprit de Corps*, and for making the recollection of their school life, in after years, one of the greatest pleasures of memory."

We often hear the complaint that games are given an exaggerated importance and assigned an undue place in school life, nowadays. Probably the complaint itself is based upon an exaggeration of facts. At any rate, the athletic reputation of a school, provided that a sense of proportion is not lost, goes a long way towards creating a healthy pride among its members and to maintaining its corporate life. And here we would direct attention to one of our disciplinary regulations:—

"No pupil is permitted to be a member of an Athletic, or other Club, not immediately connected with the College."

The school, at least for those who belong to it, is the true home and centre of all such organizations; they help powerfully to build up its life by adding to its interest; they are a means of its self-expression, an additional incentive to healthy rivalry with other schools.

Doubtless, there are some who would say of schools, what has been said of nations,—*"Happy is the Nation that has no history"*—but these are men who have either had no experience of a great school, or have failed to catch its spirit. Those who, on looking back, can see they owe almost everything to the school that nurtured them and trained them for life and livelihood, know that its traditions helped quite as much as its teachings, to form characters and to develop their capacities.

No one can find any difficulty in pointing to the leading characteristic of a public school; it is the existence of and the feeling of a corporate life, the sense of membership in a society to

which it is a privilege to belong, a fellowship which gives dignity and demands service. All who belong to it are bound up in the bundle of life together, and the tie created in early years is not severed when school days come to an end—it lasts as long as life itself—and this freemasonry is a force that is felt all the world over. *Esprit de Corps* is a moral power in the school; it binds to honour and courage; it produces a desire to work and to play in order to maintain and increase the reputation of the school. It is a power also in after days in the same manner; the secret of many an act of heroism and many an effort after fame has been the desire to add lustre to the school that inspired affection; to belong to it is to feel the presence of “a cloud of witnesses” who having been its sons, are claimed as brothers by all who, in their turn, have taken the place of those who went before them.

Discipline and self-government, two striking features and forces in a school, whose influence

extends far beyond the school walls, go along with corporate life. By these as much as by anything else, character is formed, and minds are moulded. Respect for others is based upon respect for self, as “a citizen of no mean city.” Training in obedience, combined with co-operation in enforcing it, has contributed to the well being of, not merely the school, but the nation, by sending forth citizens fit to govern, because they have first learned to obey, not merely from private fear, or private gain, but from a public spirit, as a means of promoting health and happiness in a life that is shared with others.

To speak of Fame a venture is;

There's little here can bide,

But we may face the centuries

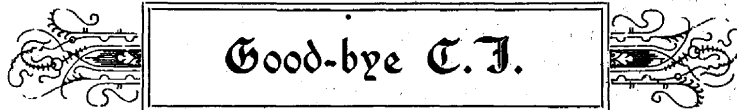
And dare the deepening tide:

For though the dust that's part of us—

To dust again be gone,

Yet here shall be the heart of us—

The school we handed on!



Good-bye C.I.

A few months ago we were all heard to sigh,
When informed of the passing of dear old C.I.
For many long years we had wended our way
("Most unwillingly!" did I hear somebody
say?)

To that cluster of buildings in Maryland Street
Which re-echoed the clatter of hundreds of feet.
There we passed toilsome days, though by
Football and Cricket,
We were helped to endure—well, for rhyme's
sake, to 'stick it.'

Until at the end we were sorry to part
From the place which through years had
endeared ev'ry heart,
Which had sent forth its children, well fitted
to cope
With life and its trials, and fondly to hope
That some day they might join, when life's
frail thread was broken,
With their school-chums, who laid down their

lives as a token

That they had been taught, in the dear old C.I.
To fight for the weak and, if needful, to die.
Such men it has nurtured, as we know full well,
And C.I.'s Roll of Honour this proudly can tell
But their names will live always, in letters of
gold;

In the Shrine of St. Gerard their record is told:
Is it needful to ask you, if passing this way,
For a moment to stop, for their souls' rest to
pray?

* * * *

Their deeds will shine out, like bright stars in
the night,
Teaching us, one and all, how to fight the good
fight:

And, like heroes' great deeds read in history's
pages,

C.I.'s noble spirit will live through the ages:

S. J. MELDON, FORM VI.

The Late Archbishop.

Most Reverend THOMAS WHITESIDE, D.D.,

DIED JANUARY 28th, 1921.

IN Liverpool and throughout the Archdiocese, the announcement of the death of our beloved Archbishop was received with the deepest sorrow by his faithful people who mourned the loss of their Chief Pastor while even those not of his flock joined in paying a respectful tribute to the memory of one who had been 'so clear in his great office,' and whose high qualities and saintly life adorned the distinguished position he had filled in the Church.

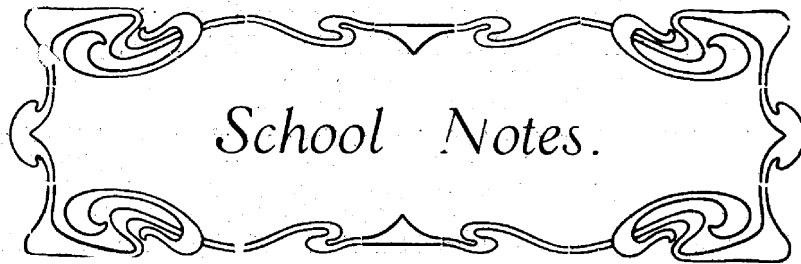
To us at St. Edward's the sad news came with the poignancy of a personal grief, for, ever since the advent of the Christian Brothers to Liverpool, His Grace had shown a paternal interest in their undertakings, and by his sympathy in word and act, encouraged them in the development of their work. On January 30th, 1900—now 21 years ago—the Christian Brothers arrived in Liverpool to take up the working of the Pupil Teachers' Centre, in Great Mersey Street, and Dr. Whiteside lost no time in showing his solicitude: on the next day he honoured them with a visit, extending to them a hearty welcome to his diocese. Later on, when they went to Hope Street, to carry on the work of the Catholic Institute, it was with his blessing and encouragement, and during all these years he never failed to manifest publicly and privately, his great interest in and sympathy with their work. When, little over a year ago, the ever-growing numbers at the Catholic Institute made it imperative to seek ampler accommodation, it was again the sympathy and generosity of the late Archbishop that made possible our acquiring of St. Edward's College. It was no small sacrifice for him to leave the home where he had lived for nigh 30 years and with which many old and tender memories were entwined, but this sacrifice was as nought to him in his abounding zeal for the progress of Catholic Education—one of the objects dearest to his heart. This, indeed, together with the provision of Churches for his people, may be said to be the characteristic feature of his Episcopal administration and the splendid Churches and Catholic Schools of his Archdiocese stand as a memorial to his pastoral zeal.

What must have been the last engagement he arranged—on January 19th—was to be with us on the occasion of our Prize Distribution, but God willed it otherwise, and we are left grieving that we 'shall see his face no more.'

Of his public work, his administrative ability, his devotion to the duties of his exalted office, this is not the place to speak, but we may recall, in the pages of this Magazine, his tender love for the young ones of his flock, whose unspoiled innocence had an attraction for his own simple and loving nature. His championship of the cause of Catholic Education was the outcome of his determination to secure for his children the sacred heritage of the Faith, to protect his lambs from the threatening dangers of irreligion and impiety. His pastoral letters on Frequent Communion, especially for the young, were another evidence of the desire of the loving Father that the Bread of Life should be broken to his little ones, to nourish their strength against the spiritual foes lying in wait for them.

The warmest corner in his heart was reserved for the humblest of his flock—his beloved poor. On them the compassion of his great heart overflowed; he loved to be amongst them, he pleaded for them. Each year, on Good Shepherd Sunday, it was his delight to receive, in person, the Lenten Alms for the Waifs and Strays, contributed by the schoolchildren of the Diocese, to succour those needy ones whose cause they knew to be so dear to him. Truly, he was the 'Bishop of the Poor'—a Pastor after the Heart of the Good Shepherd.

To his whole flock his death has brought the deepest sorrow; to the Christian Brothers, mindful of his steadfast friendship and constant encouragement through long years, it brings a sense of personal loss; we shall miss his fatherly care and kindly sympathy; nowhere will his loss be more deeply mourned than at St. Edward's College, where his name will be ever revered and his memory held in benediction.



School Notes.

"AT THE COLLEGE."

The year, 1920, has truly been an eventful one with us. It has seen the transfer of the entire School and its effects, from Hope St., to the more commodious premises at St. Edward's. Despite the abnormal conditions that obtain in the labour world, the big task of reconstruction has been so pushed on that we shall immediately find ourselves working under pleasant conditions—We have been roughing it a bit. Our Class rooms are so many and so spacious, and our general rooms so well appointed that we begin to wonder how we managed to prosper in such cramped conditions as prevailed at the dear old C.I.

* * * *

It is pleasing to record that, despite the grave inconveniences under which we laboured during the Spring and Summer Terms of 1920, our successes in Public Exams, are well above the average. Amongst them we include *Seven* University Scholarships:—*One* State Scholarship, *three* Senior City Scholarships, *one* Liverpool Workingmen's Scholarship, and *two* Bartlett Science Scholarships, *9* Higher Certificates, *53* School-leaving Certificates, *21* Matriculants, *12* First Class Honours in Senior Oxford, *8* Second Class Honours in Senior Oxford, *6* Third Class Honours in Senior Oxford, and *27* Passes. To both successful candidates and the Masters—concerned in the teaching of these candidates—we tender heartiest congratulations.

* * * *

On June 24th, the College and its pupils were solemnly consecrated to the Most Sacred

Heart of Jesus—The Rev. Fr. E. Murphy officiated.

* * * *

The formal opening of the scholastic year took place on September 8th—Solemn High Mass *coram Archiepiscopo* was sung in the Church of Our Lady Immaculate, by the Very Rev. Canon Banks, the late President of the College. On that date the members of St. Joseph's Society held their Annual Reunion at the College—His Grace the Archbishop presided at the Luncheon, which followed an interesting football match between a scratch team of Old Boys and an Eleven from the members of St. Joseph's Society. The Old Boys were defeated by 2-nil.

* * * *

On October 20th, the Pupils of the College were divided into two groups and photographed by Panora, Ltd.

* * * *

St. Edward's Day—October 13th—was observed as a school holiday. Our only regret was, that it fell on a Wednesday!

* * * *

A distinguished and welcome visitor to us, on October 30th, was the Very Rev. Br. P. J. Hennessy. He had come direct from Rome, where he had the privilege of a private audience with our Holy Father, Pope Benedict XV. We were very much interested in the beautiful account he gave us of his visit to the Eternal City, and heartened by the news that our Holy Father had lovingly imparted to us the Apostolic Benediction.

* * * *

By kind invitation of the Rev. Vice-President of St. Francis Xavier's College, about a hundred of our boys had the pleasure of hearing a lecture on the History of Athletics—from pre-Christian days up to the present time—delivered by Mr. Boland, M.A. Our best thanks are tendered to Fr. Melling.

* * * *

Throughout the Term, football has been played with all the energy and enthusiasm that characterises our boys. Our First XI. have suffered but one reverse this season. If there were no defeats, there would be no joy in victory. But it is not the result that matters—it is the spirit of the game. Apart from the Elevens chosen to represent the College against rival institutions, there are no fewer than twenty-one class games played each Wednesday afternoon.

* * * *

Because of our long association with the Oratory of St. Philip Neri, we reproduce, in this number, Pilgrim's account, from the *Liverpool Courier* of Monday, Nov. 1st., of the opening of the new Church of St. Philip. We rejoice that the long years of patient work on the part of our dear friend, Fr. John, have been crowned with such success. Certainly, he has raised up a glorious church in which we pray he may be spared many years to minister.

* * * *

A strenuous Term was brought to a conclusion with the inevitable "Terminals."

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For the beautiful setting which encircles the College Crest, we are indebted to Mr. E. Morley, our Art Master.

* * * *

ATHLETIC SPORTS.

Saturday, May 28th, has been provisionally fixed for the holding of our Annual Sports. The College looks to our Seniors for example in regular and systematic training, in preparation for these contests. The training should be begun about the Easter holidays.

A reference to our Editorial will show what an importance eminent men attach to school sport. Last year, unfortunately, some of our prominent athletes were forced to stand down, owing to injuries sustained in various ways. We hope for better luck this time; and look to everyone amongst us to strain every effort to make our first sports, at St. Edward's, a record success.

To the many subscribers to the Sports' Prize Fund, for 1920, we tender our deep appreciation and thanks.

* * * *

THE MAGAZINE.

Once again we are compelled to increase the price of this Magazine. Need we say that this is entirely due to the marked increase in the cost of production. We are faced with a very considerable increase in our Printer's account. As this particular number contains many portraits, etc., it has been deemed advisable to alter the size of pages in order to get a more effective setting for the illustrations.

A School Magazine is the school voice; it gives a feeling of personality to the School, it marks every step in its growth, and contributes towards it; as we read its back numbers, we can see how far the School has kept pace with the times, and whether, though still standing, it has been saved from the fatal error of standing still. It adds a new interest to school life, it provides a means of recording school doings, it even does much towards the improvement of essay writing, and helps to bind the students to the School in after days.

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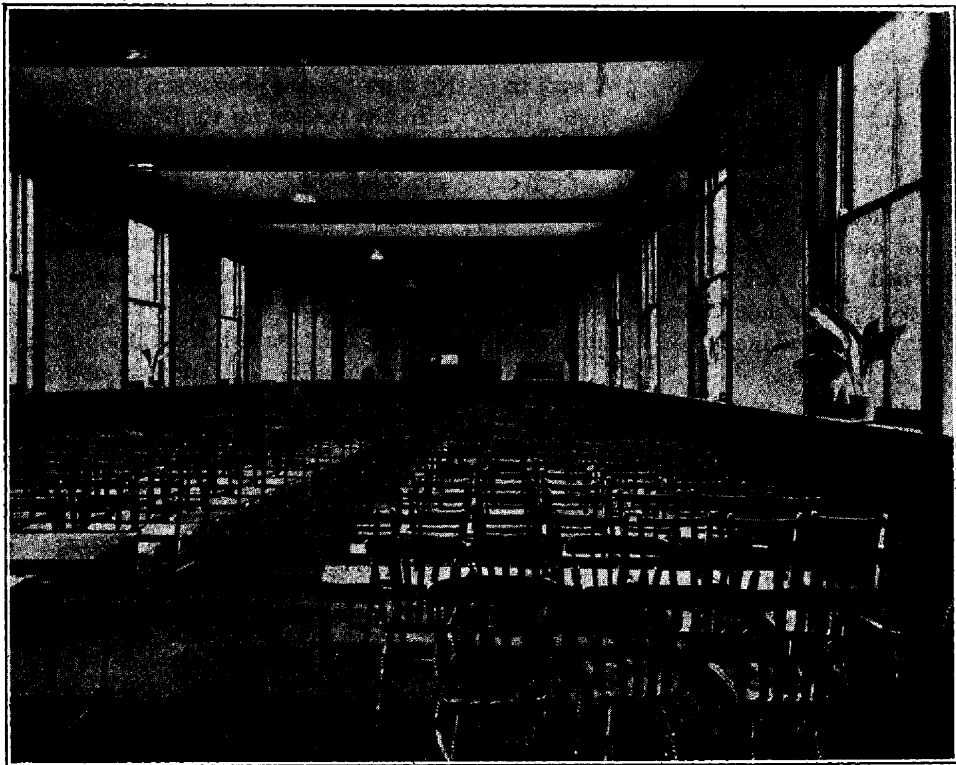
ARMISTICE DAY.

Armistice Day has become the noblest and most solemn of all anniversaries. Its observance is in a sense official, but it is something grander far than a State celebration of a great and decisive historical date. The people's conscience and the people's acknowledgment mark it as a day set apart by, and for, themselves. Millions of individuals consecrate the

eleventh of November to a resolution of remembrance and the endeavour to keep faith with those to whom the pledge of memory and gratitude was given. It is, once a year, a day, if human will can make it so, summoned back from the great years, to witness to their deeds and spirit—if will and devotion can make it so, for memory is not our active and willing servant. Man forgets and despises himself for forgetting. Every memorial that humanity has raised is a monument at once of frailty and the fear of it. Fear of oblivion raised the Pyramids. A nobler fear; not for our individual selves or generation, but for great ideas, and men who worthily served them, inspires the ritual of Armistice Day.

* * * *

Shortly before the hour at which the "Great Silence" began, there was a general assembly of the School, in the Hall. The slow tolling of the bell, and the solemn music of the organ, put us in the mood for recalling, from out the past, faces once so familiar. Precisely at 11 a.m., we recited slowly and reverently, the Psalm *De Profundis*, for the eternal repose of those who, in a real sense, were ours—a very impressive rendering of Chopin's *Marche Funebre* brought the brief but solemn observance to a close. The College Flag, which was flown at half-mast since early morning, was then hoisted full.



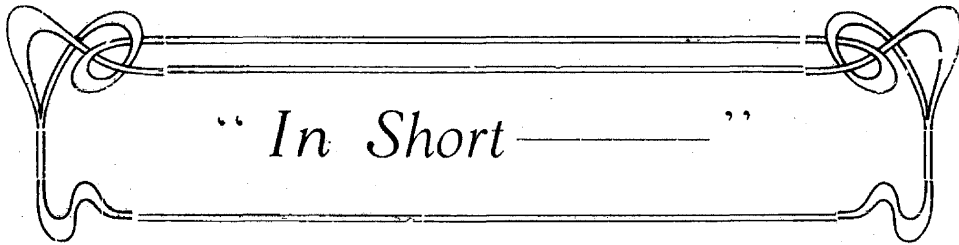
ST. EDWARD'S COLLEGE—ASSEMBLY HALL.

adorned with gold and precious jewels, to be erected in the Abbey, on the spot where still stands this monument of Catholic piety, despoiled, alas, by sacrilegious hands, of its costly ornaments. To-day, the visitor to Westminster Abbey sees all around him, the monuments of warriors, poets and statesmen, the sepulchres of Kings and Queens, but to Catholic hearts, in that venerable pile, built for Catholic worship, and sanctified for centuries by the Adorable Sacrifice, no spot is so

sacred as the tomb of its Royal Founder—the Shrine of St. Edward the Confessor.

PRAYER TO ST. EDWARD THE CONFESSOR.
(From the Roman Missal).

O God, who hast crowned blessed King Edward Thy Confessor with the glory of eternal life, make us, we beseech Thee, so to honour him on earth, that we may be able to reign with him in heaven. Through Christ our Lord. Amen.



I AM under the impression," said Mr. Micawber, "that your peregrinations in this Metropolis have not as yet been extensive, and that you might have some difficulty in penetrating the arcana of the Modern Babylon—in short (he added, in a burst of confidence), that you might lose yourself." Whether Dickens in his drawing of the verbose Wilkins Micawber, was aiming his satiric shaft at any contemporary scribes is a question which may be left to the researches of some of the inquiring students of St. Edward's, but until the point is satisfactorily settled (and the store of human knowledge thereby most wonderfully enriched), I venture to make a few comments on the survival in our own times of some specimens of the genus Micawber, for we often meet in speech and print with modes of expression, not indeed quite so fantastic, yet so inflated and roundabout as to need (if their authors had any real desire to be understood by plain people) some such translation as the immortal Micawber was wont to introduce by the confidential "in short."

Shakespeare knew the tribe too. The pompous Pistol, with his snatches of dramatic speech and Osric of the conceited courtier-jargon, stand as the representatives of that fashion of darkening counsel with words which might, indeed, draw from us, as from Hamlet and Fluellen the retort, piquant or plaintive: "The concernancy, sir?" or "Aunchient Pistol, I do *partly* understand your meaning." Reflections of this nature were induced some time ago by reading on a notice-board (not at St. Edward's) an announcement which concluded by telling those who had not got something or other that they "should make immediate application at———" Now (thought I) why such big words and such rotundity of phrase? Would not "should apply at once" have done? "Apply" has but five letters, "make application" has exactly three times as many. Perhaps, *there* the charm lies. I scent at once the trail of the Osrics, Pistols and Micawbers. Pray you, avoid it.

We all have heard, no doubt, of that old woman who lived in a shoe and who had so

many children, she didn't know what to do. A paraphrasing humourist turned her into a venerable female who took up her domicile in an article of discarded footwear and who was so troubled with the superfluity of her progeny that she was at a loss what course to pursue. Though composed in a facetious vein, "'twill do, 'twill serve" —my purpose. What about that last phrase? How many people talk and write of being at a loss what course to pursue when all they mean is that (like the aforesaid venerable female) they don't know what to do. Those of my readers who have sought to slake their thirst for elegance of diction in the pages of Nesfield will recall that pompous Johnsonian criticism of a certain comedy: "It has not vitality enough to preserve it from putrefaction" and will feel, I doubt not, that the Doctor's second thoughts were *not* best when the outcome of his first was the pithy and epigrammatic remark: "It has not wit enough to keep it sweet." Certainly, if old Sam Johnson had the grace, even now and again, to give to his composition, the Micawber 'in short' touch, we should have many an excellent study in contrasts, in transition from stilted formality to easy simplicity. There must have been *something* wrong with the man who said on an occasion: "I was in a state of total unpreparedness for such a transformation" to express his surprise at some change he saw.

Imagine an umpire who, in reply to that delightfully direct though sometimes overvehement "How's that?" should say, "the gentleman must return to the pavilion!" What a model of direct speech is that monosyllable "Out!" How fraught with fate! What finality! It is the sound of doom. There is no Horatian obscurity in its brevity, no periphrastic euphemism in its bluntness ("in short——" I think I faintly hear).

Not that there is no charm in choice words, suited to the subject and occasion, but that in ordinary speech and writing we should cultivate simplicity and avoid the turgid. Words nobly used and true have a real power over the souls of men, moving them to tenderness or rousing them to burning rage at wrong or stirring their blood to deeds of 'high emprise.' Who can remain unmoved by the glowing warmth of Burke's superb imagery or Ruskin's fervid phrase; dull of soul must he be who feels no exaltation at the language-witchery of Keats or Francis Thompson that, like the nightingale's note

" oft-times hath

Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn."

But words must be *true*, and it is because the bombast phrase is not true that it moves no chord of our souls to music—it is a jar to the sensitive strings of the spirit, it is the base metal of language—it has a hollow ring. But it is not lordly language only that can produce those fine effects; simple language, too, gushing almost unbidden from the heart-well of a truly-felt emotion, can touch men's hearts, as witness the fascination of the simple narratives of Holy Scripture, or Shakespeare's 'Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt,' or that epitaph of Captain Oates amid the Antarctic ice-wastes: "Hereabouts died a very gallant gentleman."

Perhaps some critical readers will discover some Micawberesque phrases even in this essay and say it would not be amiss if a few 'in shorts' were scattered about; I should not be surprised—it's in the air so much and—it's catching; and so, in fear of further tripping, I feel it incumbent on me to bring this dissertation to a conclusion—in short, I must wind up.

F.C.H.



St. Philip Neri's

EACH new building, be it only the poorest shed, is in some degree an act of faith.

It may be no more than an outward evidence of the builder's confidence in his own business acumen, as when some super-Luptoi builds some super-shop. For faith is often limited and of the earth. We fail each day to see the double-acting force of this. But each church, whether old or new, was first constructed as an act of prayer, and prayers are always broader far than doctrine or creed. They are the spontaneous impulse from the souls of men to God. Nothing really useful was ever done in any other way.

Now the prayers which were the foundation of the new Oratory of St. Philip Neri, Catherine Street, were, as I understand, first offered in Father Berry's time, some thirty years ago. They have been brought to fruition under the rectorship of the Rev. Fr. Alfred Jeanrenaud, familiarly known to the district in which he lives and in which he is persona grata with the people of all forms of faith, as "Father John." And so it will readily be understood that there was some emotion in his voice as he spoke to a very crowded congregation, yesterday, of the consummation of so many years of work. The erection of the Church had, he said, been estimated to cost, before the war conditions, about £8,000. The increased expenses owing to the war had raised that cost to some, £14,000. Consequently, there was a debt of £8,000. "But I do not expect," said Father John, "that any debt will remain after to-day's collections." Possibly he was over confident, but I do not know. The people of St. Philip Neri's Church may not be too rich, but none seemed too poor to give a Treasury note. And this, I thought, was perhaps an object lesson for the people of other churches. I should be glad to see the clergyman or minister who could talk with confidence of wiping off

£8,000 in a single day. I should be glad to know that Father John had done it.

The service I attended consisted of solemn High Mass, in the presence of His Grace the Archbishop of Liverpool, followed by the Te Deum. The vocal music was provided by the choir of Holy Cross Church, the "proprs" of the Mass being composed by Mr. W. B. Helsby, their conductor. I have never seen a more attentive people, and seldom have I heard an abler or more eloquent sermon than that which was delivered by the Right Rev. Dr. Keating, Bishop of Northampton. He spoke of their own patron saint, St. Philip Neri, who was "the apostle of Rome" in the days when the Imperial city was sunk in sin, and when ungodly men held high positions in the State, and even in the Church. It was St. Philip who restored the position of religion and the Church, and he did it not by the use of the popular pulpit, but by coming into direct touch with men and women. St. Philip, like all the saints, was a great social reformer.

But the modern world could not conceive that saints could play a part in social reform, and had no use for them. The world to-day had gone mad on social reform. The heart of our own nation was undoubtedly sound in this matter, and nothing could have been more impressive than the way in which pockets were opened for any laudable object during the war. But all the same, the modern man had no use for the saints in social reform, and very little for the religious organisations, excepting in so far as they might provide a kind of reservoir upon which to draw for workers in a good cause. The modern method was to attempt to achieve social reform by means of Acts of Parliament, by Royal Commissions, leagues, associations, and committees, by officers, inspectors, and officials, by reports and by statistics, and by the miles

and miles of red tape that were wrapped like swaddling clothes around the limbs of the much-enduring working-classes.

We ought, all of us, to be social reformers, but none of us could do our part unless we were fortified and rectified by the religious principles of our own lives. The blunder of the modern world, remarked the preacher, was false diagnosis. Social reform was looked upon

as an economic question, or a political question and every charlatan was practising upon the hapless, helpless sick body of the people. But the truth was that social-reform was in its essence a religious question, and could only be solved upon the basis of the religion of Our Lord.

Reproduced from the "Liverpool Courier" of November 1st, 1920.

Warriors of the Sea.

J. SWIFT—FORM VI.

Among the most remarkable of all the creatures of the sea, are the heavy armour-covered crab and lobster. They are called "Arthropoda," or jointed-footed animals, on account of their jointed limbs. According to Linnaeus they are insects, because, in common with prawns and shrimps, their bodies are cut into divisions, but modern naturalists chiefly give this name to those which have also, in one or other stage of their development, wings and legs. The armour which covers the whole body of these animals is often called, though not very correctly, the external skeleton. It contains a large amount of calcareous matter—carbonate and phosphate of lime—being, therefore, in its substance, intermediate between shell and bone. The substance is called "chitine," which they form in the bodies, out of their food, somewhat like horn, is spread in the outer layer of their skin, covering not only the body, but also the eyes, antennae, and legs. Within this firm covering, the soft animal lives comfortably, enclosed in his jointed shield, which as it grows, soon becomes too small for its body, and has, therefore, to be cast off very frequently. In this moulting, or casting of the shell, the crab divests itself of its covering, not in separate pieces but in one piece, including the coverings of the limbs and antennae: in

doing so, the membranes which connect the hard plates are split and torn.

The sixth and largest division of the animal kingdom is called the "crustacea," from the crust or shell covering the animals of this class, to which belongs the shrimp, the prawn, the crab, and the lobster.

A curious change takes place in all the crustacea. When a crab is first hatched from the egg, he appears with an outstretched jointed tail, and peculiar spine, projecting from his back, most unlike a crab. But after having swum for a week or two, casting his coat several times, the spine drops off, the back grows much broader, and he becomes a tailed crab. Then, after having swum about for a few weeks, and moulted several times, his tail folds under, and he sinks down to the bottom of the sea, a perfect walking crab. He lives on the sea floor, generally in deep water, and in the holes of rocks, fighting bravely amongst his companions in self-defence.

Some three or four times a year, while he is still young, he finds himself in a sickly feeble state, and creeping into a dark hole, he throws himself upon his back and swells out his body, till the armour covering breaks open, and with much effort and pain, he creeps out of it. His claws, being much larger than the joints

through which they have to be extricated, are frequently much cut and wounded in the process. Having thus cast his shell, the animal waits patiently in his hole until a new layer of chitine has been formed, before he dare venture out again. After attaining full growth, he very rarely changes his shell; indeed, from the mollusks and other animals found gathering to the shell, it is certain these are often worn for years.

The different kinds of the crab vary considerably in the form of the back, which, in some, is nearly orbicular, while in others it is much broader than it is long; in others again it is prolonged into a kind of beak. It differs also in its smoothness, roughness, in the hairs, tubercles or spines, in the length of its legs, etc. The eyes are compound, and are generally elevated on short stalks, and have also the power of motion, so that the eyes turn in any direction. The first pair of limbs are not used for locomotion but serve as claws, pincers, or weapons.

Some crabs have the last pair of legs expanded at the extremities into large broad blades for swimming. Though these limbs are clumsy looking things, the crab can wield them with great activity and neatness, and they rarely miss what they clutch at.

Crabs are inhabitants of almost all seas, many, however, having their limbs formed more for walking than for swimming, are found chiefly, near the coast, while some inhabit deep water, and others abound in places left by the receding tide, in the rock pools and amongst the moist sea weeds. In warm countries, some species of crabs inhabit fresh water; the land crabs live amongst moist herbage or burrow in the sand or earth.

The Hermit crab always retains the long tail which all young crabs have when they are born, and the skin which covers his abdomen is quite soft, thus affording a tempting morsel to hungry sea animals. One of his claws being larger than the other, closes the aperture of

the shell after the rest of the body has been drawn in, so as to effectually bar the door against intruders, except the fiddlin crab, which, on account of its fine pincers, often contrives to thrust them through the door, and pinch the unfortunate animal to death.

The frog-crab of the Indian ocean, climbs on the roof of houses and the robber-crab of the Mauritius, lives in holes in the root of cocoa-nut trees, where it lives with cocoa-nut fibre. This crab grows to a monstrous size. It is able to open a strong cocoa-nut covered with the husk. It begins by tearing the husk, fibre by fibre, and always from that end under which the three eye holes are situated. This completed, the crab hammers the shell with its heavy pincers until an opening is made. Then turning round its body, it inserts its hind pincers and extracts the white albuminous substance from the nut. These crabs accumulate an enormous quantity of fibres, on which they rest, as in a soft bed.

The Lobster is an animal of so remarkable form that many might mistake its head for its tail, though it moves with its claws foremost. The two great claws are used both for the purpose of provision and defence. The head is between the two great claws; it is very small, and is furnished with eyes that seem like two black horny specks on each side, and it can advance them out of their sockets and draw them in at pleasure. The mouth opens the long way of the body, and is furnished with two teeth for the grinding of its food, but as these are not sufficient it has three more in its stomach, one on each side and the other below.

The lobster breathes in the water by means of gills, which are attached to the base of the legs, and are concealed in the thorax by the carapace which covers them. Under it the gills may be seen; the space containing them might be called the gill chamber, and the water flows into it passing under the edge of the carapace at the back of the big claws, and out of the opening in the mouth. The water is

scooped, as it were, into the gill chamber by a stiff appendage attached to the base of the second pair of maxillars called the flabulum.

Like crabs, lobsters also frequently change their shelly covering, and for a short time, during the moulting, are languid and inert. Their growth takes place with extraordinary rapidity during the period when the shell is soft.

Lobsters show wonderful agility in retreating from danger, using their powerful tails for swimming or springing from the water, and thrusting themselves into holes of the rocks which seem almost too small to admit their bodies. They are usually more vigorous and voracious than crabs during their moulting season. Instances have been known in which, enticed by the bait, lobsters about to cast their shell, have entered into fishermen's creels, and, on the men beginning to handle their prize, the animal has slipped away, leaving its empty husk in the hands of the astonished fisherman.

We find the lobster to be an animal without inside bones, yet capable of digesting the hardest substances, the shells of oysters and muscles, by means of its stomach; an animal gaining a new stomach and even a new shell at stated intervals; without red blood circulating through the body, and yet most vigorous and active! And, stranger still, an animal endowed with a vital principle, that replaces such limbs as have been cut off, and keeps it constantly combating, and constantly repairing its losses to renew its engagements.

There are several more warriors of the deep, including the transparent prawn and the shrimp. The common prawn, not more than three or four inches long, is abundant in the rock pools along the British shores. Of the shrimp, everyone knows its appearance, and although very small and insignificant, is well able to hold his own with other creatures of the sea bed, and be reckoned among the "Warriors of the Deep."

A Retrospect.

Wave upon wave breaking with gentle motion,
 The wings of evening spread across the bay,
 Faint breezes wafting from the depths of ocean
 Their low-breathed lullaby to sleeping day.
 Ben Eder's star now rising and now falling,
 Dunleary's answering through the misty veil,
 The distant sea-birds' voices, calling, calling,
 On evening's robe, the moon gem gleaming pale.
 How clearly once again I seem to see,
 My brother, that sweet Paradise of yore,
 Whose light shone on two children, you and me,
 What happy hours we passed beside that shore.
 What grief to know that now that same calm sea
 Beside whose wave we played the livelong day,
 Wide rolls between your distant grave and me,
 My brother, in that land so far away.

E. KAVANAGH.

The Christian Brothers in Liverpool.



Right Rev. MONSIGNOR PINNINGTON, V.G.

AT the request of the Most Rev. Dr. Whiteside, the Christian Brothers came to Liverpool, on January 30th, 1900, to take charge of the Pupil Teachers' Centre, at Great Mersey Street. The greatest undertakings in God's Church have small beginnings. They are generally begun in poverty and patient labour. To this rule the new foundation in Liverpool was no exception. But the Brothers' task was, indeed, made light by the generosity of Mgr. Pinnington and very many of the Clergy. At the opening there were some forty students—P.T.'s as they were then called—but in a short time the numbers increased to eighty, and fully taxed the accommodation which the house in Great Mersey Street afforded.

The Catholic Institute, founded in 1851 by Canon Worthy and Mgr. Nugent, and conducted as a High School taught by the Secular clergy and lay masters, was transferred, in October, 1901, to the Christian Brothers. In April, 1902, the P.T. Centre was removed to Hope Street. On September 1st of that year, the Secondary School was opened. There were twenty-six pupils in attendance on the afternoon of the first day. Gradually the numbers increased; so that at the beginning of 1905, it was found necessary to erect a building providing additional Class Rooms and other accommodation. So great, however, was the influx of pupils that more Class Rooms were necessary twelve months later; and though the playing area for the pupils was



Rev. Br. C. S. LEAHY

already limited, yet it had to be encroached on to provide a site for the building, begun at Easter, 1906.

The efficiency with which the scholastic work was done, during those early years, was evidenced by the Results of the Public Examinations, in 1905, and subsequent years, and by the favourable reports of His Majesty's Inspectors. During the period 1907-1920, the pupils of the School secured 52 University Scholarships, 24 being Senior City Scholarships—value £210 each, and 28 open Scholarships—varying in value from £75 to £180 each. It is pleasing to record that one of the original Staff of the Secondary School—one who by years of unselfish labour contributed, in a great degree, to the success of the C.I., and to its characteristic traditions:—its honourable scholastic records, the distinction of its athletics, and the simplicity and modesty of its sons—is now our esteemed Principal at St. Edward's.

In 1910, the question of accommodation was once again a problem. To build was an impossibility. We acquired No. 28, Hope St., which, in a short time, became and remained a congested area for our senior boys. The problem of providing accommodation became

more acute until on July 14th, 1919, His Grace, our late Archbishop, solved it by deciding to vacate Archbishop's House, send the Church students resident at St. Edward's College, to Upholland, and arranging for the transfer of the College to the Christian Brothers.

Here, in a building which has been extensively altered and adapted to the requirements of a modern day school, the Catholic boys of Liverpool district will pursue their studies under more favourable conditions than those experienced by their predecessors.

Such rapid development is a fine record of noble ideals, of earnest effort and of splendid achievement, made possible by the pioneer work of the Rev. Br. C. S. Leahy and his early companions, and by the help and encouragement of the Archbishop and Clergy—secular and regular—of the Archdiocese, and of the neighbouring diocese of Shrewsbury.

To work for the religious, moral, and social well-being of their pupils is, to the Christian Brothers, a labour of love. To this end all their efforts are directed. Loyalty to God and Country, love of Holy Church and Fatherland, have ever been the principles inculcated in their schools spread far and wide.

The Ministry of Books.

I REMEMBER sitting one day with a number of friends. The talk turned to books. "Oh," said one, with a gesture of impatience, "I have quit reading." He was a professional man in the early middle life, alert, intelligent, prosperous, knowing well how to take occasion by the hand, but—he had "quit reading." It was a sorrowful confession to make, and I did not pursue the matter further. When I hear a man talk in that way I am too aghast for argument; he had taken his course and was satisfied, but although I said nothing, I inwardly thanked

God that I was not as he. I do not want to exaggerate. Let it be granted at once that a man may possess a strong and trained intelligence, and yet owe very little to books. Let it be granted, too, that to be, rather than to know, is the chief end of man, and that the greatest thing in the world is not knowledge, but character.

Literature alone, as Lord Morley says, will not by any means "arrest and dissolve all the travelling acids of the human system." Literature alone will not make a good man; the world has seen too many learned scoun-

dreks to be in doubt on that matter. But the right books, rightly used, help us to be, as well as to know; they awaken within us, as Lord Morley puts it, the diviner mind; they rouse us to consciousness of what is best in others and ourselves; and of all God's gifts to man, there are few that are more to be desired than an eager thirst to know the best that has been thought and said in the world.

No man, Thackeray thought, could sit down in the British Museum without a heart full of grateful reverence. "I own," he writes, "to have said my grace at the table and to have thanked Heaven for this, my English birth-right, freely to partake of the beautiful books, and speak the truth I found there." Gladstone wrote, in his eighty-third year, when after his long day, the night was fast closing in, "My power to read for a considerable number of hours daily, thank God, continues. This is a great mercy." "To fall in love with a great author, and to remain in love with him," says another famous bookman—Sir W. Robertson Nicoll—"is one of life's chief blessings." Let me set down, very simply, and very briefly, some of the ways in which books prove themselves the ministers of God to us, for good.

They are our great teachers. There is a pretty story—in one of Robert Louis Stevenson's books—of an elderly French Abbe, who was found wandering alone in some out-of-the-way corner of the world. When surprise was expressed at his being so far away from home, the Abbe explained, that some time before, he had had a dream: he was in heaven, and was questioned about the fair world he had left; to his shame he had little to tell—he had seen, he knew, so little. When he awoke, he resolved that he would see, he would get to know; and hence his distant travels.

Now for most of us, travel, at least on a great scale, is still a costly and impossible luxury. But books—all the great books, all the books that really matter—can be ours for

a small sum, and with them in our hands, the world lies before us. Besides, the traveller who is not also a reader, misses nine-tenths of what he goes to see. His journeys are like a walk through a gallery filled with wonderful works of art, most of which have their faces turned towards the wall. Books will teach him what are the best worth turning round.

Take for example, Macaulay's "Essays." As Lord Morley says, they are as good as a library; "they make an incomparable manual and *vade mecum* for a busy uneducated man who has curiosity and enlightenment enough to wish to know a little about the great lives and great thoughts, the shining words and many coloured complexities of action, that have marked the journey of man through the ages." And if anyone pleads that he is too busy to concern himself with the past, that he finds enough, and more than enough, in the activities of the present, the answer is, of course, that without a knowledge of the past, without reading, no man can understand the present, or wisely take his part in it.

Consider, for example, with what a quickened interest a man would turn from reading a book like Morley's "Life of Gladstone," or Winston Churchill's life of his father, to the political problems of the hour. Or, if ecclesiastical affairs be his chief concern, with how much surer tread would he find his way through the tangle of current controversies, if first he had made himself at home, in the history of Cardinal Newman and the Oxford movement.

But books are more than instructors. They do us a real if not an exalted service in furnishing us with facts; they are not to be despised, even when they stoop to arm us for the ordeal of an examination room. But this is, perhaps, their least honourable kind of service. Books are not merely honest hod-men, dumping "useful information" at our door; they are kindly fairies, opening with their magic wand, secret chambers of delight.

“ Read,” says Bacon, in his deep, wise way, “ not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider ;” and to this every true bookman will assent. But may we not also read to enjoy ? I do not want to be taught, or lectured, or “ improved,” every time I open a book ; I want, sometimes, to laugh, to dream, to forget, to walk with my head in the clouds, happier that I feel no earth beneath my feet. There is a place among books for the humourist as well as the schoolmaster, for the laughing story-teller as well as the grave instructor, for rainbow dreams and fancies as well as solid fact and sober science. By all means let us read what will “ do us good,” only let us not forget that to make us happy is to make us good. And we are putting books to one of their best uses when round them, as Wordsworth says, “ with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,” we make our pastime and our happiness to grow.

And even in the preacher's stricter, narrower sense of the words, reading may “ do us good.” For multitudes, their chief peril is the peril of the empty heart, and their salvation lies in the creation of interests that are both pure and strong. “ Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honourable, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, think on these things ;” fill up mind and heart and imagination with these things. When evil throws some image of itself on the screen of the mind it is not enough merely to shut the eyes and turn away the head. We must throw some other image there, more beautiful, more alluring, and gradually the other will fade, because the new is better, and so we shall overcome evil with good. Let a man learn to love good books, and he will find his love will lift him clean out of the reach of a hundred squalid temptations which, every hour, lie in

wait for the man whose empty mind is an ever open door through which the seven devils of uncleanness may enter and take possession of the life. Ply your books and evil will knock in vain at the heart's door, passion's coarse appeal will fall unheeded and unheard.

I mention next a good book's “ healing power.” The phrase, of course, is Matthew Arnolds' :—

*Time may restore us in his course,
Goethe's sage mind and Byron's force ;
But where will Europe's latter hour,
Again find Wordsworth's healing power ?*

Wordsworth himself was not a bookman. He possessed but few books, and his way of mishandling those he had was a sore trial to the book-loving soul of Southey ; but his own writings reveal in almost unequalled degree, the peculiar quality described in Arnold's happy phrase. John Stuart Mill found in them in a memorable crisis of his life, “ a medicine ” for his state of mind. “ What Wordsworth does,” as Lord Morley well says, “ is to assuage, to reconcile, to fortify.” And this is what books, the right books, do for us all.

I say “ the right books,” for not all books will do this for us. There are books that are come to fling fire on the earth ; they bring, not peace, but a sword. Gladstone named his library, at Hawarden, “ the temple of peace,” and that is what every man's study, however humble, should be to him—not merely a workshop, but an oratory, from which, though he entered harassed, fretful and depressed, he may pass out again quieted, soothed, and strengthened.

“ In all things,” said Thomas a Kempis, “ have I sought rest, but no where have I found it, save *in angello cum libello*—in a nook with a book ; for literature—it is no desecration of the great words to use them thus—literature is a tree of life which yieldeth all manner of fruits, and whose leaves are for the healing of the nations.

Some Hints on Soccer.

TO the uninitiated a game of football appears as a confused mass of struggling human beings, wildly hacking and rushing after a big, brown-coloured ball. To the enthusiast the game offers a magnificent entertainment of skill, activity of body, and alertness of mind, and he greedily drinks in all the fine points of the game, and all its subtle phases. By this means he gains untold pleasure because he realises what each player is striving to do, and knows the reasons why each particular piece of play is being attempted. Let us, therefore, probe a little into the niceties and finer points of Association football.

First let us examine briefly the different roles each player on a side has to fill. As everyone knows, the primary object of the side consists in scoring goals, and it is to the *Forwards* that this all-important task is mainly entrusted. They are essentially the attackers, the men who deliver the final blow, as it were; they may be compared to the infantryman with the bayonet, by whom alone, even in modern warfare, final victory is achieved. So much for the attackers, the deliverers of the *coup de grâce*. Since it is the definite object of a side to score goals, it follows naturally from this that a number of the eleven must be entrusted with the task of *preventing* the other side from achieving this object. The players who have this responsibility are the halves, the backs, and the goal-keeper. They are essentially the *defence*. They are the barbed-wire entanglements, the fortified strong points, the deep trenches. But this is only speaking generally; it must not be forgotten that very often these two duties of forwards and backs overlap and interchange considerably. Many a forward has had to drop back to defend his own goal, and many a back, be he worth his salt, has given his

undivided attention to a neatly placed pass to the feet of his own forwards, so that the latter may carry the ball on, and force it into the opponents' goal.

The half-backs are a living example of this; in fact, it may be said that they equally combine the two duties, they are both the supporting troops to the forwards, and also they are the outposts of the defence. They supply the forwards with the weapons with which they must attack—the ball—and at the same time they break up the attacks of the enemy before they have had time to form in full strength and fall upon the last defences—the backs and the goalkeeper.

Let us now turn from this to a more minute study of each player's responsibilities, and how he may best carry them out.

The goalkeeper is the last hope; it is he who stands within the sacred goal itself, and he must preserve it inviolate. The attributes of this important person are many. In the main he must be tall, so that he can reach far and so cover more ground; he must also be active, for by activity only can he quickly get at a ball that is just going out of his reach. To spring like a cat at a ball, and not be afraid of hurting himself should be the duty of every 'keeper.' To obtain this activity he must be quick on his feet; he should always stand forward on his toes, and not back on his heels, and should cultivate 'springiness.' Skipping is the most beneficial exercise for acquiring this quickness of movement on the feet.

In addition to this, a goalkeeper should possess a cool head and an iron nerve. To become excitable is to court disaster; *he must never become unsettled or disheartened by disaster*. The custodian must take care, too, to get the ball away as quickly as possible after having effected the save. All showy bouncing tricks

should be avoided, and the more unobtrusively he gets the ball away the more effective will he be. The ball must be caught always close to the chest and stomach. For a very high shot the goalkeeper will find it safer to slant the palms backwards and tip the ball safely over the cross-bar. Remember, no shot is too difficult to save, and there is always hope. If a ball does find the net in one corner, in any event the keeper should be stretched out full length on the ground. Sometimes the ball can be punched away. Punch always with the hand clenched.

The backs should be strongly built, and should possess speed. The former attribute is important, because an opposing forward should be edged off the ball. But the latter attribute is absolutely essential, as without speed no forward can be successfully reached when once past the back. Moreover, speed is a great asset when the full-back is bearing down, obliquely, on a forward, or, in other words, veering at right angles to a forward's course.

Moreover, he should have great kicking powers, and should kick easily with either foot. *To be able to kick the ball at once, no matter how awkwardly it comes to him, is imperative.* To achieve this power of kicking the ball (first time) let the two full-backs of a side stand 30-yds. or 40-yds. apart and kick the ball to each other, each taking care to kick as it comes to him first time.

Another point a back should remember is that he should always try to avoid kicking the ball high up into the air. It is the duty of a back always to strive, when clearing, to send the ball to one of his own forwards, and nothing is more tantalising for a forward than to receive the ball from a height. Especially is this important when a high wind is blowing, and the ball is dry. It has happened in such cases that a wild and lofty kick delivered under those circumstances has proved fatal, because the ball has been blown back over his head towards his own goal-mouth. Full-backs should never stand wide apart and on a level with each

other. A clever forward will very easily trick one by astute dribbling, and then have no other to beat; in fact, he is 'through the backs,' as we say. But if one back stands behind (not directly behind, but a little to one side) of his colleague, then the forward, having beaten the first back, has no time to recover before the other one is upon him.

Now we come to the half-backs; these, as we have said, are the attackers and defenders. It is upon the half-back line that the whole side pivots. They are the links—connecting files, to preserve the military simile—between the sheer defenders and the sheer attackers, the goal-keeper and backs, and the forwards. They too, must have pace and great tackling powers. With pace they must combine that elusive power of anticipating, the power to instinctively gauge what an opposing forward is going to do.

The power to tackle is all-important, and so, for that matter, is it for the backs, which we omitted to mention. The secret of good tackling is to keep your eye 'glued' to your opponent's feet, and to determine to get at the ball at all costs. As a boxer watches the eyes of his opponent to discover his intentions—for it is in the eyes that that intention is first revealed—so should a footballer watch the feet of his opponent; it is his feet that will give his secret away; then launch your tackle by shooting your own foot straight at the ball. The secret of good tackling is determination.

The two wing halves must mark the opposing wing forwards, while upon the centre-half devolves the duty of keeping in check the pivot of the opposing attack, the centre-forward. The two full-backs take the two inside forwards.

In addition to the spoiling duties of the half-backs, by which they break up all the attacks of the other side, when these attacks are but in embryo, they have their attacking duties. It is the duty of every half-back to feed his forwards, to see that the 'storm troops' in front of him get ammunition; in other words, to see

that the forwards get possession of the ball. Having obtained possession of the ball after tackling an opposing forward, his duty is only half accomplished. He must at once get the ball to the feet of his own forwards. This is best achieved by his taking a momentary glance ahead of him, and then giving the ball a sharp tap *along the ground* straight to the feet of the forward. *A half-back, moreover, should not dally with the ball*—although he need not be in quite such a hurry to get rid of it as the backs—and should get rid of it as quickly as possible. The sooner the pass to the forward is given, the less time have the defence on the other side to mass and concentrate. On the other hand, a hostile man should be always drawn on to the half-back with the ball and away from the forward to whom the pass is going to be finally made, before that pass is given.

To the centre-half falls the supreme duty of feeding his own centre-forward, in addition to feeding the two insides. The wing halves should see that their wing forwards get plenty of chances of racing down the wing with the ball at their feet.

We now come to the forwards. The main attributes of a forward are, first and foremost, speed (not of the speed of the 100-yds. sprinter, but speed with the ball at their toes); secondly, they must have capacity and skill in dribbling, that is the capacity of carrying the ball along close to the feet while running at top speed, and being able to keep possession of and control the ball in the face of opposing tacklers. In addition to this, they should naturally be elusive and 'nippy' (quick in all their movements), able to dart here and there at a moment's notice; in fact, they should be the continual worriers of the enemy's defence, never giving the latter any rest. *To gain this quickness of movement, once again skipping is the finest exercise, and should be freely indulged in.*

In addition to these all-important qualities, the forward must have the power of shooting, that is to say, of propelling the ball—hard, fast, and *low* into the goal when the exact moment comes. The act of shooting is the crowning effort of a whole attacking movement, and too much attention cannot be expended on it. In shooting, the ball should be kicked with a jerking or stabbing motion of the foot. The point of impact should, of course, be the instep. When the ball is kicked, the knee should be well over the ball; this ensures the ball keeping low, and prevents it being skied wildly over the cross-bar. A golden rule is to keep your eye on the ball the whole time, and do not take your eye off just at the critical moment at the point of impact in your eagerness to see the ball sailing into the net. If you *do* take your eye off, you will be much more likely to see it sailing wide of the goal altogether.

The art of dribbling can only be acquired through constant practice; try to get the feel of the ball on your toes; in fact, your toes and foot should almost 'caress' the ball. The nearer you can keep the ball to your feet, the more control will you have over it. Always go your very fastest when dribbling the ball; it is *not* natural for the player to do this, and he will find that unless he keeps spurring himself on, he will not be going his full pace. It is this little extra bit of speed that makes all the difference.

To come to the individual duties of the forward, we find that they vary in a considerable degree. The two wings must lie well up the field, and, once having been given the ball, must take it at top speed along the touch-line, and then, *before* the back has been passed, should sling it into the centre to their own three inside forwards, who are rushing towards their opponents' goal. An ideal centre should come fairly last, about chest high, *and should be taken by the inside forwards while in their full stride and going at full speed.* A lofty, dropping centre should be avoided, as it gives the de-

fence time to concentrate while the ball is in the air. A wing man should never delay his centre till he is right upon the enemy's goal-line; rather should he swing it across just before he gets to the last defender; this ensures that defender being drawn away from the inside forwards when they receive the ball. The wings should be the speediest players in the side.

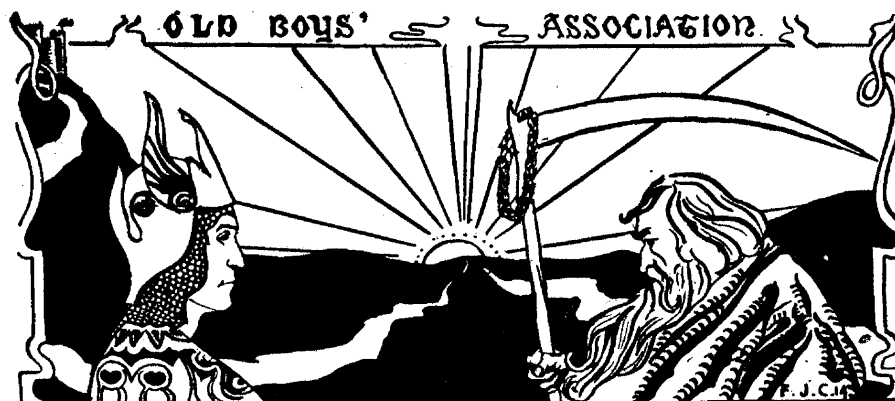
The centre-forward should, generally speaking, be a big, bustling player, who can force his way through the defence by sheer power. He must dash straight for goal, and should be capable of short, sharp, and determined bursts of speed. It is well for him, too, to be something of an individualist, and quick to seize and pounce upon an opportunity of dashing

through the backs on his own. He should be a deadly shot, as more opportunities of scoring present themselves to him than to any other player. In midfield he ought to sling long, swinging passes out to his wings, so that they can race away with the ball at their feet, and he himself rushes straight up the field ready to receive the centre from the wing. The pass to the left wing should be delivered when possible with the left foot, as this imparts a swerve to the ball which all the time will be curving to the right, thus making the touch line form a tangent to its flight; the ball is thus kept in play. Naturally, the same rule applies to a pass to the right wing; it should be delivered with the right foot.

First XI. 1920-21.



	J. CARR	F. MURRAY	P. FLEMING	
F. GORE	M. McMAHON	J. S. MELDON	G. HIGGINS	F. G. HARRINGTON
	J. P. HAWE	W. DARRAGH	E. HURLEY	



Success of Old Boys at Liverpool University.

A perusal of the results of the Examinations, held at the University, and published in the *Liverpool Courier* and *Daily Post*, of Thursday, July 1st, 1920, reveals once again that the honourable position attained by our Old Boys, in previous years, has not only been well maintained but even excelled.—Our Congratulations and those of all Old Boys are cordially tendered to them.

Faculty of Science.

M.Sc. (*School of Chemistry*)

P. W. DENNY, V. J. OCCLESHAW.

B.Sc.—Honours.—Class I., Div. I.

W. O'DONNELL, (*School of Mathematics*)

T. C. NUGENT (*School of Chemistry*).

B.Sc.—Class I.

F. W. CARROLI, T. A. HONAN,

T. A. EVERSON, P. MAGEE.

Class II.

W. BARNWELL, J. O'NEILL.

A. G. DEANE,

Inter-B.Sc.

J. SILVER. D. B. PARSONS.

Faculty of Medicine.

M.B. & Ch.B. (Final) Pt. I.—

J. FLANAGAN, M. H. FINEGAN.

P. R. HAWE (*Pathology*)

First Examination, Pt. I.—

J. GAUGHAN M. MAHER.

Pt. II.—J. GAUGHAN.

L.D.S. Final.—J. BLACOE.

Faculty of Engineering.

B.-Eng.—Hons.—

J. P. MULLEN (*Sch. of Mechanical Engineering*)

A. J. MAGUIRE (*Sch. of Electrical Engineering*)

J. F. O'NEILL (*Sch. of Electrical Engineering*)

F. C. WINFIELD (*Sch. of Electrical Engineering*)

W. J. DELANEY (*Sch. of Civil Engineering*)

T. A. FLEMING, T. SMITH (*Sch. of Civil Engineering*).

Ordinary Degree.—B.-Eng.—

O. J. CROMPTON J. COLE.

A. T. HOSKER C. S. KIERAN.

Inter B.-Eng.—

J. W. BARKER, D. B. PARSONS, T. CALDWELL,

Faculty of Arts.

B.A.—J. F. MULLEN.

Inter-B.A.—A. BARTER.

Diploma in Engineering.—J. F. O'NEILL.

Isaac Roberts Scholarship (tenable at Paris or other Continental University).—

W. O'DONNELL.

Certificate in Architectural Design.—

C. E. AZURDIA.

.....

VARSITY LETTER.

THE " VARSITY,"

LIVERPOOL.

Xmas, 1920.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

It is with some diffidence that we take up the pen laid down by our predecessor, your former Varsity Correspondent. We know the high standard always maintained in the columns of your Magazine, and can only hope that our contribution may arouse sufficient interest to cause our literary shortcomings to be forgiven.

Since you last received news from the Varsity several noteworthy events have occurred. We have rejoiced that the "finals" of last July are over; we have deplored the passing of the summer vacation, so long and yet so short; and, at the time of writing, we are enjoying our brief holiday with the comfortable feeling that our examinations just over are the last for three months to come. At the same time, we remember that the summer's Exams., and the vacation, have been the starting point whence many of the C.I.O.B. have begun the real race of life. As usual, the Engineering world sees the advent of a fair number of old C.I. men. Tom Fleming and Tom Smith are engineering—wonderfully and well, we dare say—at places as far apart as Manchester and Middlesborough respectively. By contrast, "Bill" Delaney and Frank O'Neill have been so fortunate as to be working, the latter among blue sparks, at Lister Drive power station, and the former on research, with a wonderful machine, in the University itself. Among the chemists, Vin Occleshaw is also at the Varsity, as a Junior Lecturer. Our congratulations to Vin! Pat Denny, however, no longer stains his hands and propounds theories at the Varsity. He does these things on a salary now; a great chemical manufacturing company has recognised Pat's genius. The other day we met one

of our medical men, Joe Flanagan, in the Medical School; he looked well after his sea-voyage.

For Old Cathinians at the Varsity, examinations seem to have no terrors. Bert Hawe and Jerry Cullen have completed the second and first stages, respectively, of their training as medicals, passing their exams. without trouble. They have an optimistic appearance like that of those "come into my parlour" chaps, the dentists, Hely and Blacoe. The engineers, or at any rate, some of them, have "cooked" their Lancashire boilers successfully: Messrs. Hosker, C. Kieran, Cole and Wright are now Bachelors of Engineering, and are studying for their Honours degree. They will get it all right, as ploughs are not included in engineering. Excuse the pun, Mr. Editor, please! Jack Barker is following in the footsteps of these great men, having passed his Inter B. Eng. When we last met "Bill" Cooke, he informed us that he, Alf. Kieran, Dwyer, Doyle, and McParland were just recovering from the strain of a horrible chemistry paper. The unscrupulous examiners had set a question which they had done many times at the old C.I. Naturally, they knew nothing about it! We tender them our sympathy in their deep affliction.

But enough of exams., let's to the Freshers, always interesting at this season. Edwardians are pretty evenly divided as to the attractions of Medicine, Engineering, Chemistry and Arts. Calland and Holland are our new Arts' men; Gernon, E. Byrne, and T. Byrne are the new Chemists. Tom Byrne tried Engineering, but preferred drawing out Chemical formulae to drawing out Lancashire Boilers and projective drawings. B. Smith and Sid. Graham are Civil Engineers, while J. Deegan is an Electrical Engineer. (No, Mr. Editor, he's not an Uncivil Engineer). F. Shevlin, P. Irvine and J. Unsworth are still puzzled as to what connection frogs and botany have with, say a broken leg. Not a bad contingent this time, is it?

Besides the academic side, we are pleased to record that C.I.O.B. take their part worthily in the social and athletic life of the Varsity. Austin Deane, Dick Twomey, McMillan, and the Kierans are faithful adherents of the Catholic Society. MacParland is one of the guiding lights of the Irish Society. We should be surprised if he was not, and we note that he is making this society useful as well as ornamental. But we must not occupy too much of your valuable space; but, in conclusion,

will venture to express our confidence that St. Edward's College will be a worthy successor to the C.I., and that her alumni will carry on the same traditions, and keep up the same high standard in each sphere of Varsity life, as did the former members of the old C.I.

Yours as always,

Varsity.

To the Editor,

St. Edward's College Magazine,

Liverpool.

Exploration.

MARK O'NEILL, FORM VI.

THIS remarkable police force, perhaps the most famous body of men in the British Empire, has been the backbone of strength in building up the new Nation of the West. They have gone ahead of the settler, in advance of the railway and the surveyor; and they have made their uniform respected and feared in a territory which stretches a thousand miles north and south and eighteen hundred east and west. Nevertheless, no lawbreaker is safe in this vast country, for once set upon a trail, a man-hunter of the North-West Mounted is a veritable Nemesis.

During the decade or so preceding the war, they discovered great lakes, huge mountain ranges, mighty rivers, vast herds of game, and new tribes of Indians and Eskimos whose very existence was absolutely unknown.

It may seem strange to speak of any part of Canada as unknown or unexplored. Yet it is an indisputable fact that there are vast areas of the Northland that are unknown country; and it is the officers of this force that have done more than any one in filling in the blank spaces. Their present strength is twelve hundred, patrolling an area as large as Europe without Russia.

In June, 1908, there started from Fort

Saskatchewan one of the most interesting and venturesome exploring expeditions of the present century. Setting out into the wild spaces without guides, dependent only on themselves, carrying supplies in their packs and their two small canoes, these four men travelled over eighteen hundred miles of territory never before visited by white men. In the later days of July they came into the unknown Dog Rib country adjoining Artillery Lake; and discovered what is probably the greatest sportsman's paradise on earth, incidentally clearing up a mystery which had long agitated the Hudson Bay officials. Here, they found the lost caribou herds which had disappeared mysteriously from their usual haunts with resulting starvation to the Indians and consternation to the officials. Over hundreds of miles, the Dog Rib country was alive with them. On the 23rd of July they saw a herd which must have numbered, at least, fifty-thousand head; and an Indian told them it was merely the advance guard of the main herd some miles to the north. "I would not have believed there were so many caribou in the whole of the North if I had not seen them myself." This expedition added tremendously to the little then known about the vast ter-

ritory between the Great Slave Lake and Hudson Bay. Among other things they discovered an Eskimo village founded by men from Hanbury's Arctic expedition.

It is a remarkable fact that though these police explorers have made discoveries of tremendous importance, scarce any mention of them has been made in newspapers or geographical journals. It is inconceivable that two new lakes as large as Lake Ontario, and a range of mountains two hundred miles long could be discovered within a few miles of flourishing cities without, at least, creating some sort of sensation; yet this has happened, not once, but several times.

In February, 1911, Sergeant McLeod of the Mounted Police was detailed to undertake a hazardous patrol into the unknown country north-east of Fort Vermilion on the Peace River. The result of weeks of hardship and peril was the discovery of a lake larger than the Lesser Slave Lake, a huge inland sea, over seven thousand square miles in area, into which could be put the whole of Munster. The few Indians living on its shore had never before been visited by a white man.

In 1909, two constables were detailed to penetrate into country then absolutely unknown, inasmuch as it had never before been traversed by white men. All knowledge of what lies south and east of the Great Slave Lake, ceases at the mouth of the Buffalo river; and on the most recent Government Maps the country for seven hundred miles east and west and two hundred miles north and south is a blank. At the mouth of the Buffalo the two men tried to induce the Indians to accompany them, but their most intrepid hunters refused. They painted in most appalling terms the dangers and hardships of the Unknown Country, saying that nothing dwelt in it but strange and powerful spirits who filled it with deadly fumes.

The explorers treated all this as moonshine, and on the 8th of August, set up the river

alone. When they camped at the end of the first day's journey, the wind carried to them strange and sickening odours. The next day, the fumes became almost unbearable; and, by noon, they had entered into what is probably one of the most remarkable regions in the American Continent.

It was, literally, a world of Sulphur. The streams reeked of it, the swamps exuded it; and though the country was well timbered, and bore berries in profusion, not a sign of animal life could be seen.

Undaunted by their personal discomforts, the explorers pushed on, and forty-five miles from the mouth of the Buffalo river, they came upon a very large tributary, flowing into the main stream from the South. In places the stream was over a mile wide, and it issued from a lake which opened up like a great sea and across which they could not view. After days of exploration, the two men judged the lake to be thirty to forty miles wide and eighty to a hundred long. On a particularly clear day they were looking south-west from an eminence when they discerned ranges of mountains reaching almost to the southernmost shore of the lake. Penetrating towards these mountains, they encountered a number of strange natives, who lived four days to the South and who were prospecting for game, close up to the "Burning Lands."

The Indians stated that the mountains ran "many days journey to the south," and that the river they had just passed was known as the "river where once lived the strong men who were not afraid of the rapids."

There are many people who believe that instead of being extinct, there is a country somewhere in the Unknown Lands of the North, where vast herds of bison, or American buffalo still roam. A few years ago, it was generally thought that only a few herd still existed; but since 1908, the Police have sent out half a dozen expeditions to search for buffalo. In 1910, a patrol, north-west of

Smith's Landing, discovered several herds, the largest of which numbered seventy-five head. At the same time, a patrol, working to the south-west, reported two hundred head of buffalo. Both these patrols found that the heavily wooded country through which they passed, was literally cut up with buffalo tracks and infested with hundreds of wolves. In the autumn of 1918, Captain Bates found two

hundred in one herd, one hundred in another, and several smaller herds of about ten to thirty head each.

All these expeditions have strengthened the conviction that large herds still exist in the unexplored country south of the Great Slave Lake, in the vast plain which sweeps towards the Great Bear Lake.

Terminal Results.

At the Xmas Exams., the following boys were placed first, second, and third, respectively:—

- Form VIa.—1. L. Murray ; 2. M. Moore ;
3. M. O'Neill.
- Form VIb.—1. R. Irvine ; 2. A. Adams ;
3. F. Lomas.
- Form Upper Va.—1. W. Byrne ;
2. L. O'Callaghan ; 3. J. Crosby.
- Form Upper Vb.—1. B. Hurley ; 2. H. Robinson ; 3. B. Ramsbottom.
- Form Va.—1. B. Taylor ; 2. T. Pyke,
3. M. Downes.
- Form Vb.—1. P. Fontaine ; 2. M. Roche ;
3. W. Bird.
- Form Vc.—1. R. Langton ; 2. R. Howard ;
3. J. Bullen.
- Form Vd.—1. J. Walsh ; 2. J. Park ;
3. J. Comer.
- Form IVa.—1. G. Coyne ; 2. G. LeBrun ;
3. F. Roberts.
- Form IV b.—1. V. McNally ; 2. F. Corfe ;
3. J. Rigby.
- Form IVc.—1. D. Hagan, 2. W. Jordan ;
3. G. Devlin.

Form IVd.—1. F. Walsh ; 2. E. Laurence ;
3. W. Whelan.

Form IVe.—1. E. Young ; 2. P. Dunne ;
3. G. Cunningham.

Form IVf.—1. John Wilkinson ; 2. T. Hanlon,
A. Murphy ; 3. G. Spiers.

Form IIIa.—1. A. Hall ; 2. G. Sheridan ;
3. F. Hyde.

Form IIIb.—1. J. Carter ; 2. F. Norbury ;
3. J. Whitehill.

Form IIIc. 1. S. Tickle ; 2. P. Owen ;
3. L. Heptonstall.

Form IIIId.—1. P. O'Connell ; 2. F. Wade ;
3. F. A. Wood ; J. Melia.

Form IIIe.—1. H. Taylor ; 2. L. Stall ;
3. W. Richardson.

Form Upper IIa.—1. J. Unsworth ;
2. C. Monaghan ; 3. L. Culligan.

Form Upper IIb.—1. B. Jefferson ; 2. C. Boon
3. R. Ryder.

Form IIa.—1. R. Corrin ; 2. H. Cunningham ;
3. G. Carrick.

Form IIb.—1. G. Tickle ; 2. H. Deeny ;
3. A. Hartley.

Form I.—1. J. Webster, 2. F. Tivendell,
3. V. Peters.

University Scholarship Winners, 1920.



T. P. BYRNE. F. B. SHEVLIN.
 J. DEEGAN. F. P. IRVINE. S. T. GRAHAM. W. J. GERNON.

STATE SCHOLARSHIP, which entitles the holder to a grant in aid of the University Fee, and also to a maintenance grant not exceeding £80 per annum, tenable for three years.

FRANCIS P. IRVINE.

SENIOR CITY SCHOLARSHIP, value for £40 per annum, tenable for three years, with free admission to Lectures.

WILLIAM J. GERNON

FRANCIS P. IRVINE

FRANCIS B. SHEVLIN.

LIVERPOOL WORKINGMEN'S SCHOLARSHIP, value for £35 per annum, tenable for three years and a Studentship, with free admission to Lectures.

JAMES DEEGAN.

BARTLETT SCHOLARSHIP, value for £40 per annum, tenable for three years.

THOMAS P. BYRNE

SYDNEY T. GRAHAM.

Northern Universities Higher School Certificate Exams.

T. P. BYRNE,
E. BYRNE,
A. CALLAND,
J. DEEGAN,
W. GERON,
S. GRAHAM,
J. HOLLAND,

F. B. SHEVLIN,
B. SMITH.

DISTINCTIONS.

Mathematics :—T. P. BYRNE,
F. B. SHEVLIN.

Oxford Local Examination.

(SENIOR CANDIDATES).

HONOURS LIST.

First Class :—

*A. E. ADAMS,	*J. J. KIRWAN,
*R. I. IRVINE,	*F. E. LOMAS,
*F. P. KIERAN,	*J. MURRAY,
*J. M. BYRNE,	*L. WARING,
*J. A. CUNNINGHAM,	*J. P. HAWE,
*J. W. KERR,	*E. P. HURLEY.

Second Class :—

*J. E. ORFORD,	J. L. NICKSON,
*J. GAVIN,	*J. P. SWIFT,
*C. F. LANGLEY,	*E. V. WRIGHT,
*J. S. MELDON,	*D. MORGAN.

Third Class :—

J. HARDING,	T. WRAY,
*A. J. LEA,	W. VAUGHAN,
*J. M. SMITH,	W. A. CUMMINS.

Passes :—

F. A. BESWICK,	C. O. MURPHY,
W. P. BYRNE,	H. O'BRIEN,
M. A. CROSBY,	L. O'CALLAGHAN,
T. G. DALEY,	C. J. O'CONNOR,
J. FITZSIMMONS,	J. OWENS,
R. F. FLYNN,	W. T. PARSONS,
S. GARNER,	J. SULLIVAN,
E. GENIN,	J. SUMNER,
F. HAWORTH,	J. TUFT,
E. N. HEANEY,	*P. TUOHY,
C. J. HENDERSON,	W. UNSWORTH,
F. B. HESSIAN,	W. VAUGHAN,
*G. KELLY,	R. WALSH.
J. J. KINSELLA,	

DISTINCTIONS.

Mathematics—R. I. IRVINE,

Latin—R. I. IRVINE,

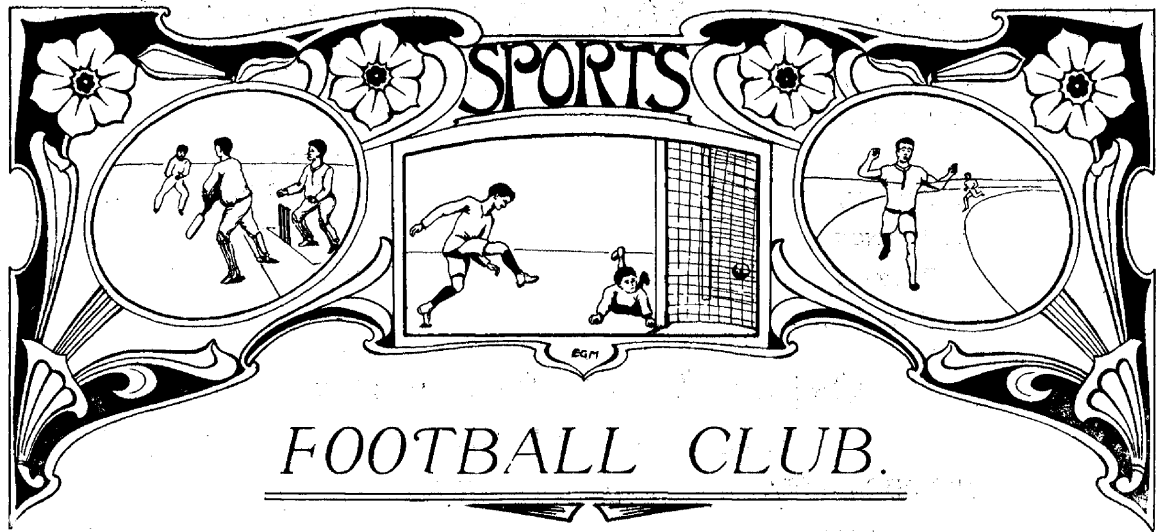
French—W. A. CUMMINS,

Chemistry—A. E. ADAMS.

* Denotes that the Candidate's School Certificate is a Matriculation one.

Army Entrance Examinations. Sandhurst.

WILLIAM O'DONALD.



THROUGH pressure of space, we are able to give but a brief account of our deeds, on the Football field, during the Autumn Term. We have upheld our best traditions, and have done exceedingly well. That success has attended our efforts will delight our O.B.'s and the many friends who follow our record with interest. In First Eleven contests, we met with but one reverse.

* * * *

The College is fortunate in having for its first Captain, Sydney Meldon. He is a good leader, a fine exponent of the game, and one who leaves nothing undone that tends to the success of the Eleven.

* * * *

At the beginning of the season, our chief difficulty lay in finding a successor to Batty, who had kept goal for the past three seasons. It was not easy to replace him, especially as the goal-keeper of last season's Second Eleven left in October, for Freshfield Missionary College—Some that we tried promised well—but were handicapped by their lack of inches; whilst others who shaped well were lacking in nerve. It was not until we had sustained a defeat—the first to befall us in friendly games for more than two years—that we

decided on Darragh as being the most suitable. With more experience he should prove reliable and thus, be a worthy successor to the long line of custodians who have preceded him.

* * * *

As a whole the College Eleven is well balanced; but it is generally admitted that our chief strength lies in our fast forward line. In individual play and in combination, they are good. Meldon, with more than thirty goals to his credit, at present keeps his line working hard together. Mossey McMahon has done splendid work on the right wing—He is a plucky player, never falls back—and with increasing speed he should develop into an excellent wing-man. On the left, Harrington plays with dash—he is possessed of fair speed and his centring improved as the season advanced. Both inside men, Gore and Higgins have done useful work for their side. Gore, though slow to find his best form, has on many occasions played wonderfully well. Higgins redeems the mistakes he sometimes makes through inexperience, by the dash and speed he puts into his work. In the Half-Line, Kirwan is our main strength—he never failed to give of his best. His two associates, Carr and Fleming, are hardworking and tackle well,

but are slow. Hurley and Hawe have had greater responsibility thrust upon them by reason of our inexperienced goal-keeper. Both have played well.

* * * *

Our Second Eleven, under the able Captaincy of L. O'Callaghan, have had many pleasant games and successes. With the exception of two occasions, they have brought victory to St. Edwards.

* * * *

FIRST ELEVEN RESULTS.

St. Edward's Coll.	3	v.	Birkenhead Institute	...	2
"	9	v.	Liscard High School	...	2
"	13	v.	Bootle Sec. School	...	1
"	4	v.	Oulton Sec. School	...	2
"	5	v.	Holt Sec. School	...	1
"	8	v.	Wallasey Gram. Sch.	...	2
"	4	v.	Bishop Eton	0
"	0	v.	St. Francis Xavier's	...	5
"	5	v.	Waterloo Sec. School	...	0
"	3	v.	Collegiate School	3
"	0	v.	Birkenhead Institute	...	0
"	5	v.	Liscard High School	...	3
"	3	v.	Bishop Eton	1
	<u>62</u>				<u>23</u>

SECOND ELEVEN RESULTS.

St. Edward's Coll.	0	v.	Birkenhead Institute	...	3
"	3	v.	Bootle Sec. School	2
"	8	v.	Oulton Sec. School	0
"	8	v.	Holt Sec. School	1
"	11	v.	Wallasey Gram. Sch.	...	5
"	4	v.	St. Francis Xavier's	...	4
"	1	v.	Collegiate	1
"	6	v.	Birkenhead Institute	...	1
"	1	v.	Birkenhead H.E. Sch.	...	2
	<u>42</u>				<u>17</u>

SENIOR SCHOOL LEAGUE.

Interest in the Senior League lagged on occasions. With such big numbers in the different classes it is inexcusable to see Forms turning out with one or two players short. True, this was the exception—not the rule—but that it happened is a source of regret, and reveals a lack of interest and of that corporate spirit which we seek so much to foster. Form VI are to be congratulated on winning the premier position in the League.

Forms I, Vc and L Vb made a bold for top place and lost only by a narrow margin.

SENIOR SCHOOL LEAGUE.

FORM.	Goals								
	P	W	L	D	F	A	P		
VI.	10	5	3	0	53	23	14		
L.Vc.	10	5	2	3	42	22	13		
L.Vb.	10	6	3	1	46	30	13		
U.Vb.	10	3	4	3	25	38	9		
U.Va.	10	4	6	0	21	31	8		
L.Va.	10	1	8	1	13	47	3		

* * * *

JUNIOR SCHOOL LEAGUE.

Although somewhat late in starting, this league had an uninterrupted and very enjoyable season. The weather looked upon all concerned with a benign countenance, and no interruptions in the shape of cold water were offered to our hard-fought games.

The number of teams in the league had to be increased to eight, owing to the increased number of classes, and this gave an added variety and interest to the games. We congratulate IIIa. on the proud position they enjoy, and on the magnificent record of goals for and against, they have set up. Our congratulations are also due to IIIe., who run the leaders very close, being beaten for premier place only by goal average. The other teams, more lowly placed, should remember that there is still time to be up and doing, to oust the leaders from their proud position.

Below is the league table to date:—

JUNIOR SCHOOL LEAGUE.

FORM	Goals								
	P	W	L	D	F	A	P		
IIIa.	9	7	1	1	45	8	15		
IIIe.	9	7	1	1	46	14	15		
IIIc.	9	5	3	1	27	8	11		
IIIb.	9	4	4	1	34	23	9		
IIa.	9	3	3	3	16	15	9		
U IIb.	9	4	4	1	20	29	9		
IIIId.	9	2	7	0	13	48	4		
U IIa.	9	0	9	0	4	48	0		



Results of Athletic Sports, 1920.

Egg and Spoon Race—Under 13½ years :—

1. J. Carroll ; 2. F. Williams, 3. S. Boggiano

Egg and Spoon Race—Under 15 years :—

1. R. Langton, 2. T. Lavin, 3. F. Walsh.

Egg and Spoon Race—Over 15 years :—

1. H. McEvoy, 2. R. Green, 3. D. Carney.

120 yds. Flat—Under 11 years :—

1. D. McCarthy, 2. J. Donnelly, 3. L. Daley.

High Jump—Middle :—

1. J. Magee, 4-ft. 2-ins., 2. G. Higgins,

3. J. Bernasconi.

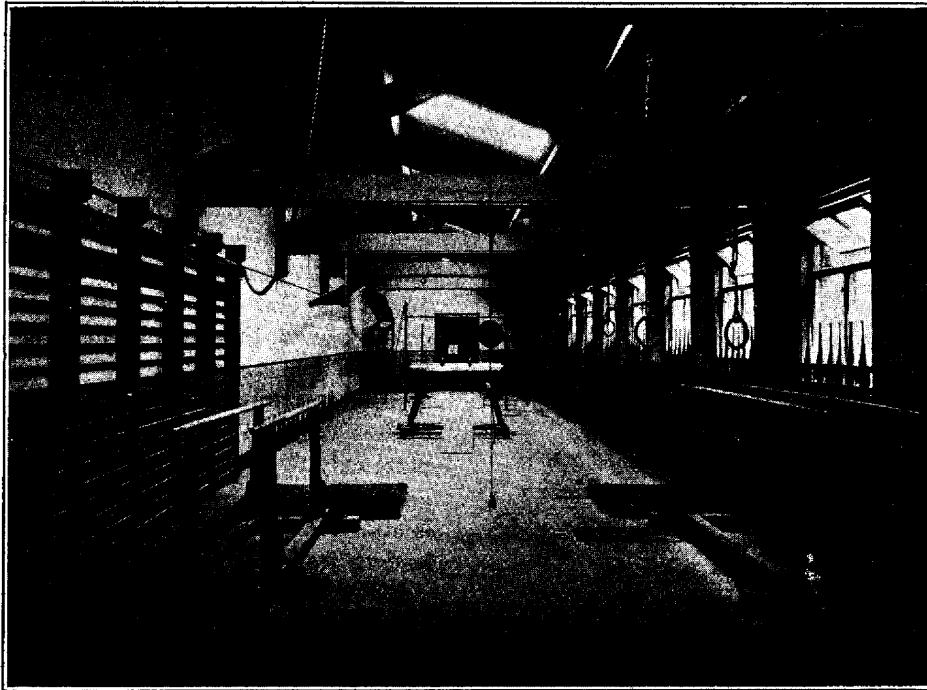
High Jump—Junior :—

1. W. Fanning, 4-ft. 3½-ins., 2. M. Parsons

and T. Dobbyn, 3. J. Pozzi.

100 yds Flat—Under 15½ years :—

1. L. Maher, 2. J. Hurst, 3. J. Corrin.



GYMNASIUM.—ST. EDWARD'S COLLEGE.

220 yds. Flat—Under 12½ years :—

1. S. McKevitt, 2. H. Revell, 3. J. Hartley.

100 yds. Flat—Under 14 years :—

1. W. Flaherty, 2. J. Pozzi, 3. J. Seery.

High Jump—Senior :—

1. T. P. Byrne, 5-ft. 0½-ins., 2. C. Henderson
3. F. Shevlin.

100 yds. Flat—Over 15½ years :—

1. C. Henderson, 2. F. Gore, 3. F. Kieran.

Comic Puzzle—Under 13½ years :—

1. J. LeRoi, 2. S. Cullen, 3. F. Stall.

Senior Championship—440 yds. :—

1. T. P. Byrne, 2. C. Henderson, 3. J. A.
Cunningham.

80 yds. Flat—Under 11 years :—

1. D. McCarthy, 2. R. Hanley, 3. W. Flinn.

Three-Legged Race—Senior :—

1. T. P. Byrne and F. Shevlin, 2. E. Cooke and F. Kieran, 3. L. Daley and F. Boggiano.

Obstacle Race—Under 15 years :—

1. G. Higgins, 2. G. Bramwells, 3. P. Kinlan

Wheelbarrow Race—Under 13 years :—

1. F. Williams and G. Merrutia ; 2. H. Russel and D. Muir.

Wheelbarrow Race—Under 15 years :—

1. J. Graham and J. Chamberlain, 2. R. Quinn and R. Langton, 3. G. Bramwells and T. Lavin.

80 yds. Flat—Under 12½ years :—

1. H. Revell, 2. W. Park, 3. D. McMullan.

Junior Championship—220 yds. :—

1. M. Roche, 2. G. Hurst, 3. G. Higgins.

Obstacle Race—Under 13½ years :—

1. W. Park, 2. J. Kirwan, 3. W. Murphy.

440 yds. Flat—Under 13½ years :—

1. W. Murphy, 2. V. McNally, 3. W. Fanning

220 yds. Flat—Over 15½ years :—

1. C. Henderson, 2. J. A. Cunningham, 3. F. Gore.

Comic Puzzle—Under 15 years :—

1. F. Kerigan, 2. L. Jack, 3. J. Graham.

Comic Puzzle—Over 15 years :—

1. L. Bramwells, 2. C. Murphy, 3. R. Green.

220 yards—Under 14 years :—

1. J. Pozzi, 2. W. Fanning, 3. W. Flaherty.

220 yards—Under 15½ years :—

1. L. Maher, 2. M. Roche, 3. J. Lambert.

Obstacle Race—Senior :—

1. F. Shevlin, 2. G. Kelly, 3. P. Kirwan.

Half-Mile—Junior :—

1. F. Petticrew, 2. J. Lambert, 3. J. Chamberlain.

Half-Mile—Senior :—

1. J. A. Cunningham, 2. H. C. O'Brien, 3. F. Loughlin.

Senior Tug-of-War :—Form IVd.

Junior Tug-of-War :—Form IIIb.

Senior Relay Race :—Form VI.

Junior Relay Race :—Form II.

Victor Ludorum Medal :—C. Henderson.

Old Boys' Cup :—

G. Higgins and L. Maher (Form Vb.).

